

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1996 • \$5.95

WOMEN OF THE INTERNET

PLAYBOY 2000

THE POSTFEMINIST,
POSTMODERN MAN

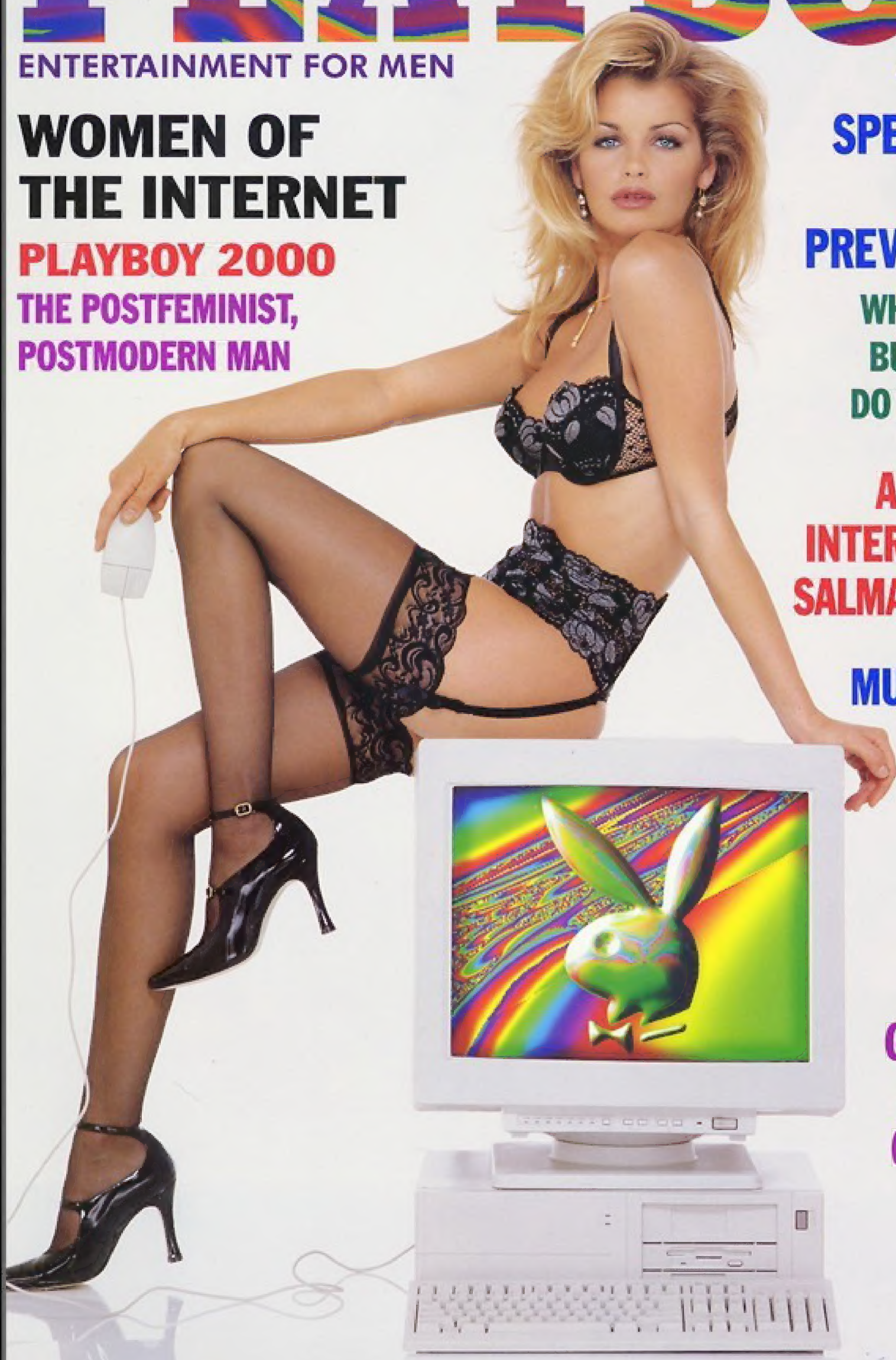
**SPECTACULAR
SPRING
PREVIEW ISSUE**

WHAT TO DRIVE,
BUY, WEAR AND
DO THIS SEASON

**A STARTLING
INTERVIEW WITH
SALMAN RUSHDIE**

**MUTUAL FUND
MADNESS!
HOW TO
PICK THE
WINNERS**

**KELSEY
GRAMMER'S
GORGEOUS
GIRLFRIEND**





Buck Brown

"I'm on a quest of sorts. I'm looking to get laid!"

TAMMI AND THE BACHELOR

what's a nice girl to do when
her grammer's just so bad?

AS ANYONE who taps into the Hollywood gossip pipeline can tell you, Kelsey Grammer isn't exactly the sweet, dweebish shrink he plays on TV. In fact, according to those who spend their time trailing the Emmy-winning actor off the set of his hit show *Frasier*, Grammer's a walking soap opera—primarily in the romance department. If we're to believe the tabloids—and, hey, who doesn't?—Grammer's love life has been a string of disasters that has included a first wife who scooped up their infant daughter and jetted off to the Bahamas with another man, a jealous actress he dropped, an ex-skater who lost his best friend (a dog named Goose) and an ex-stripper whom he married—a woman, he says, who made his life hell.

Did such a parade turn Grammer off women for life? Hardly. It's 1993—and enter Tammi Alexander, a corn-fed Kansas beauty who had arrived in California from Las Vegas to try her luck as a model. The fated couple reportedly first locked eyes when Tammi (fresh from a spirituality seminar) breezed into Harry O's of Los Angeles, where Grammer was drowning his marital sorrows. Tammi was friendly, pretty and sexy, so Grammer invited her to a barbecue



Kelsey Grammer had two reasons to smile at last September's Emmy awards (above): The complicated-but-lovable TV shrink not only took home the coveted statuette but also had Tammi to warm up his nights. At right: Tammi in 1990—then known as Tammi Baliszewski—during quieter, pre-Grammer days.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR





at his Valley digs the next evening ("I was thinking that he was my destiny," Tammi said). A romantic Mexican getaway soon followed. In February 1994 Grammer proposed, first on bended knee (in his limousine, no less), then before *Frasier*'s studio audience a week later. Tammi melted, the wedding was planned, Grammer copped the Emmy for best actor in a comedy and everything was A-OK.

Fast-forward through almost two years of engagement. *Starry* eyes eventually spied Grammer making a spectacle (though not quite a Hugh Grant) of himself with a "gorgeous babe" at a Virgin Records bash. After two nights of carousing, reported the tabloid, Grammer confessed to Tammi that most celebrities take mistresses because their jobs are so stressful. "I'm too young to be married," he reportedly told her. "Too young at heart." Tammi drew the line and packed her bags. Grammer called this "a difficult period" on Leno. The next night, a close friend of Tammi's told the tabloids, Grammer "came crawling back on his hands and knees," sobbing at Tammi's door. She softened, and roughly 24 hours later the pair officially reunited—on *Oprah*. So how's the combustible couple now? One can never be sure. But odds are, they're far from finished.



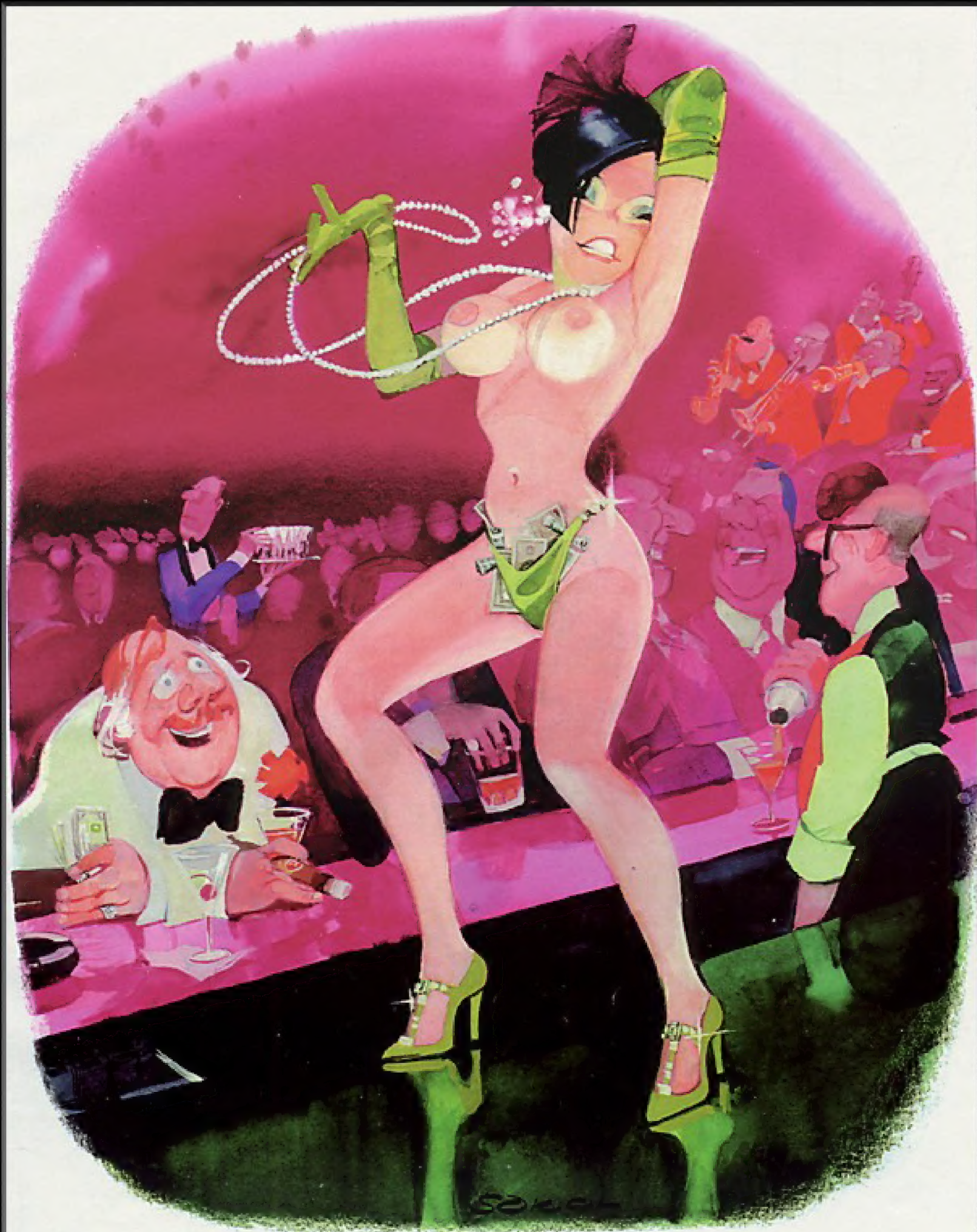




It's been a wild engagement for Tammi (pictured here in a 1990 Playmate test). Although Grammer wanted to make Tammi his "New Year's bride," she gave him back the two-carat diamond when he reportedly told her that "marriage is the kiss of death." Tammi sized up the potentially calamitous pairing simply: "He wanted a license to cheat," she raged, according to the *Star*. "He's got some nerve."







"How much will it cost to put my mouth where my money is?"

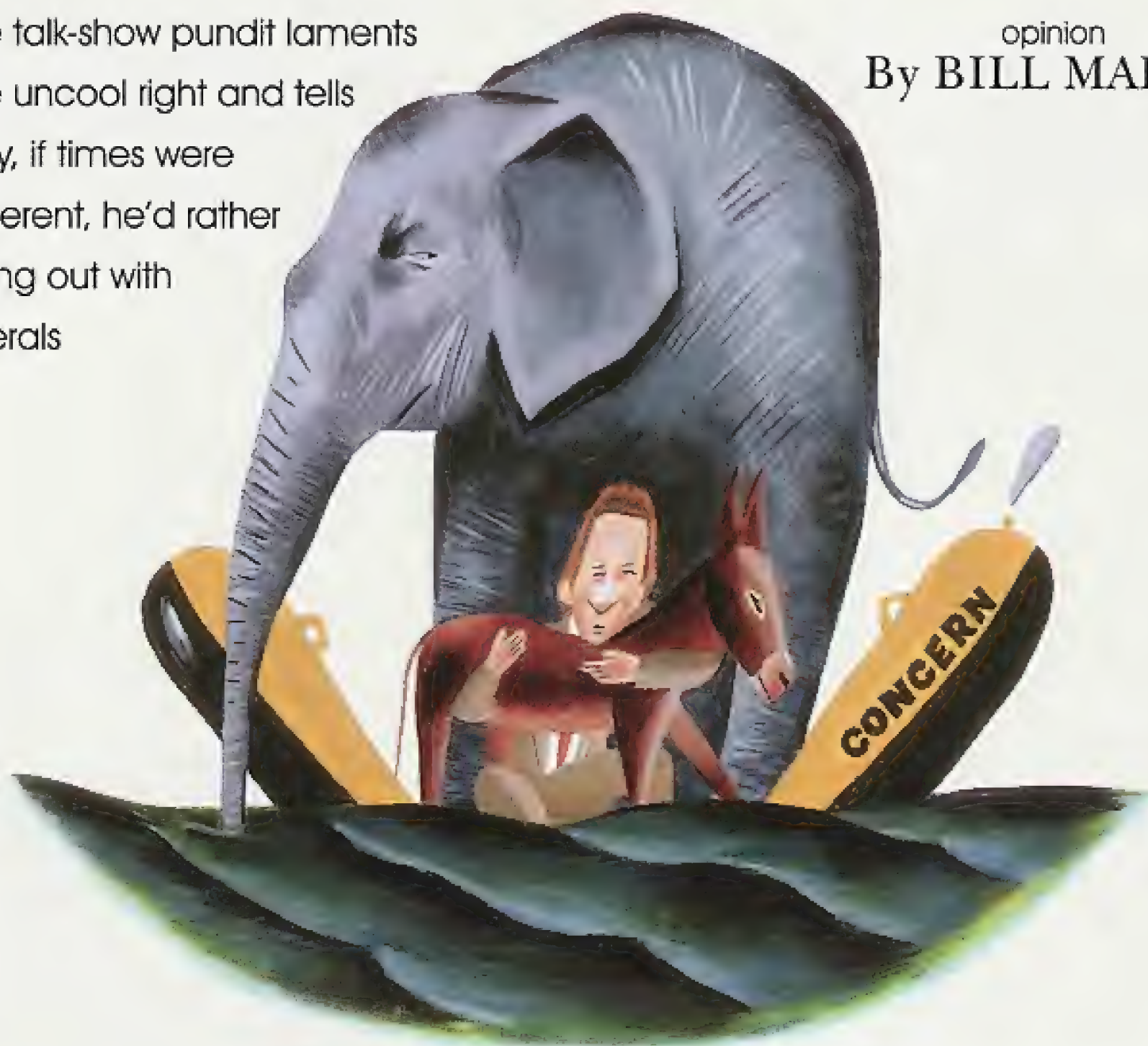


"Thank you for hiring me. I didn't expect a desk job!"

THE RELUCTANT CONSERVATIVE

the talk-show pundit laments
the uncool right and tells
why, if times were
different, he'd rather
hang out with
liberals

opinion
By BILL MAHER



As I WATCH America start to move away from our centuries-old practice of having only two political parties, I feel compelled to add one more: the Reluctant Conservatives. We are the ones who think that Phil Gramm was way out of line when he crowed, "I was conservative before conservative was cool."

Phil, you miss the point completely: Conservatism is never cool. It's all about hunkering down and staying static, or even going backward. The state of the union today is conservative—as it should be. My dictionary defines liberal as "marked by generosity or bounteousness." Bounteousness is tough when you have no money, when, in fact, you owe \$5 trillion. I know that doesn't sound like a lot of money, but we live in times that make it necessary to be conservative.

What is not necessary, however, is the denigration of liberalism. As another president tries to conceal his liberal in-

stincts, it becomes even more important to emancipate liberals from the Underground Railroad in which they are presently cowering and encourage them to take their rightful places in the American debate. This word, liberal, which once brought to mind the idea of a vigorous progressive, has been so pummeled by the right and deserted by the left that it has come to mean a kind of fringe cultist. In fact, if something is not done, the term will become synonymous in a few years with the word gay. You'll say, "I consider myself to be a liberal," and people will say, "Oh, maybe you should meet my friend Bob. He's a liberal."

Again, I don't blame people for being conservative nowadays. I'm more conservative than I ever thought I would be. But when I am I try to own up to the fact that it comes from selfishness and from cynicism about how effective government can really be. It comes from lost idealism, from

my brain winning and my heart losing. I go with it when it would be stupid not to, but it's nothing to crow about, like a lot of these new conservatives do. They act as if they were on to something wonderful; no, they're simply on to something necessary.

It should not be forgotten, however, that being liberal is what a nation should aspire to, just as it is what a person should aspire to. Liberal means open-minded, willing to try new things, eager to get to the next place. That's the kind of person I like to hang out with. I hope we can someday afford to run our country that way again. The fact that we can't afford it now is no cause for celebration. Think of the word liberal in its original meaning—as in liberate, *libre*, libertarian. It means freedom.

Now there's a conservative concept for you.







if you have the right equipment,
miss april can make
your digital dreams come true

EVEN a skilled computer animator couldn't have created a better Playmate for the digital age than Gillian Bonner. Not only does she have a great body, a warm smile and a quick wit, but she also owns a very big computer. She's the type of girl who can make your fantasies come true—even if you've never met her.

For most of the past dozen years, the Atlanta native has traveled around the country as a highly paid fashion model. But a few years back, Gillian founded her own Florida-based software-development company, Black Dragon Productions. (Check out its World Wide Web page at <http://www.blackdragon.com>.) Black Dragon's first release will be an interactive CD-ROM game, *Riana Rouge*.



VIRTUALLY GILLIAN

You can guess who portrays Riana.

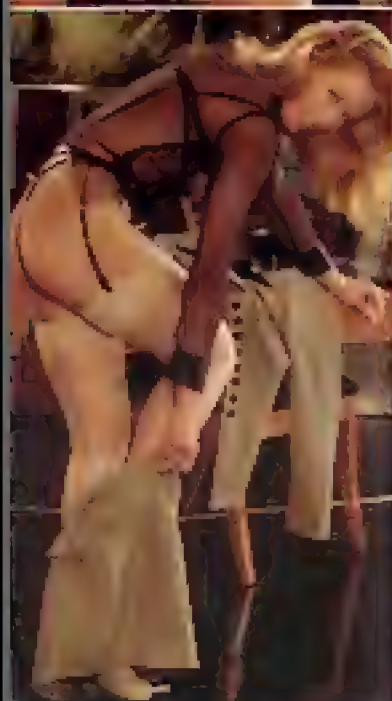
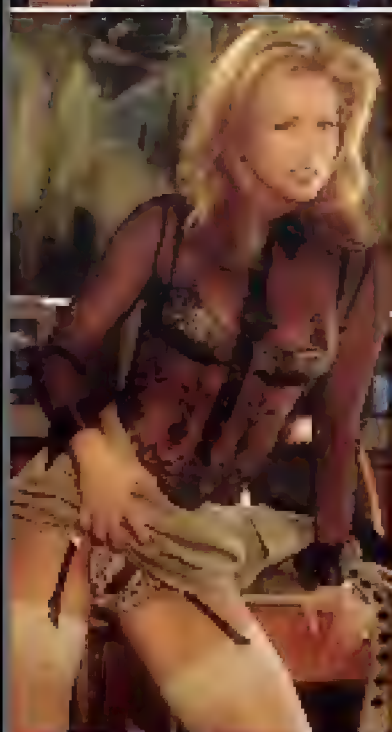
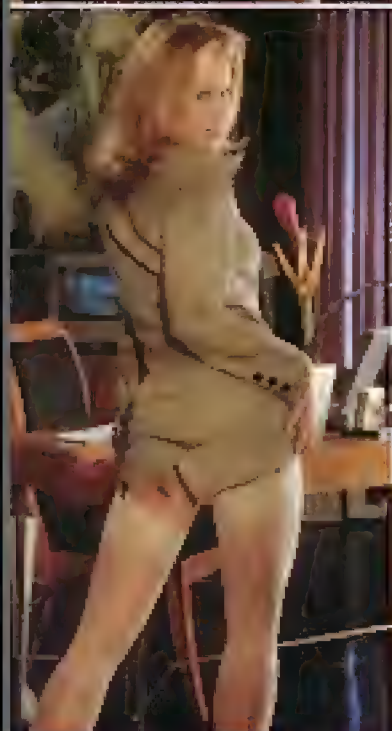
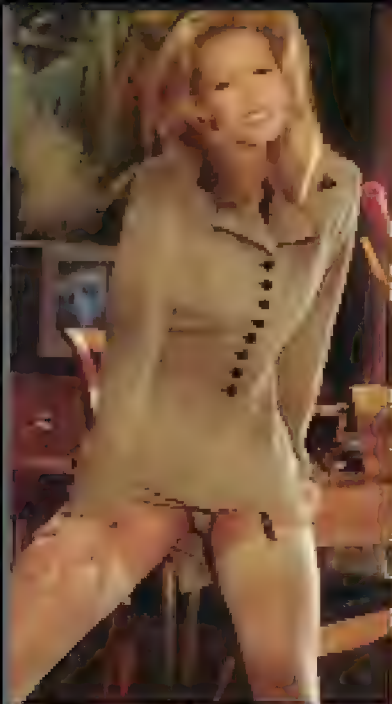
"The key to winning at *Riana Rouge* is to do the right thing," Gillian explains. "If you make all the right decisions, you can empower the female character—me—and help her conquer five different worlds."

Gillian hopes someday to create digital erotic fantasies that are more explicit and expansive than *Riana Rouge*. "Whatever turns you on should be what you get," she explains. "With virtual reality,

The challenge behind creating computer animation, Gillian says, isn't creating new objects but re-creating the most familiar ones, particularly women: "I love drawing the female form because it's the most beautiful shape in the world and very fluid. The power inside women inspires me."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Gillian loves rebels with style. "I really like bad boys, guys with tattoos," she says. "But they have to be intelligent as well. The trouble is, most of the guys who have ambition are the stockbroker type—the Handi-Wipes-after-sex sort of man. I like guys who do their own thing. But they also have to make something of themselves."









MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Debbie Bonner

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Oillian Bonner

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 2/3/66 BIRTHPLACE: ATHENS, GA.

AMBITIONS: To create sexual digital fantasies that turn on as many women as men.

TURN-ONS: HARD BODIES, Computers with TONS of RAM, Garters and pushup Bras, HONESTY.

TURNOFFS: MALE CHAUVINISTS, Slow drivers, dirty fingernails, Hairs left in the Shower.

GREAT SEX BEGINS WITH: Long Passionate Kisses.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: Plenty of Sexy lingerie, because it makes her feel GOOD!

MEN ARE GREAT BECAUSE THEY: Sweat! If a guy comes home from a hard day's work smelling like only a man can - I'm a GONER!

WHAT DRIVES ME WILD: Being consumed by a lover so overpowered with lust he's operating on PURE INSTINCT.



Coming Up Roses Modeling Down Under Big-City Style

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A deliveryman was driving through a rural area when he saw a farmer plowing his field with a bull. The driver found this especially odd because the place seemed otherwise modern and highly mechanized. Curious, he stopped and waited by the fence as the farmer and beast slowly approached. "No horse?" the man asked. "No tractor?"

"Yep, got both," the farmer replied. "But I want to show him he ain't here just for the romance."



On the eve of her wedding, Diana pulled her mother aside. "Mom," she said, "teach me how to make my new husband happy."

"Well, honey, when two people love each other very deeply, making love is natural——"

"I know how to fuck," the daughter impatiently interrupted. "I want to know how to make chili dogs."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Concerned that his wife was experiencing some hearing loss, Al consulted a doctor. The physician suggested a simple test to determine how bad the problem was.

That evening Al found his wife at the stove, her back to him. "Hi, honey," Al said in a normal speaking voice. "What's for dinner?" No response.

He took a few steps in, as the doctor advised, and said again, "Hon, what's for dinner?" Still nothing.

Stepping up directly behind his wife, he leaned forward and loudly repeated, "What's for dinner?"

His wife spun around. "For the third time—*meat loaf*, you deaf bastard!"

What's the difference between ex-cons and congressmen? Every now and then ex-cons pass a few good bills.

Dissatisfied with the results he got from his family doctor, the balding man sought out alternative treatment for his hair loss. A friend referred him to a scientist who had been testing a chemical that showed great promise. Within a week after taking the recommended dosage, hair began to grow uncontrollably all over his body. The suddenly hirsute fellow returned to see the scientist.

"What the hell did you give me?" he demanded.

"It was DNA from a woolly mammoth."

"Aha," the hairy man exclaimed. "That would explain the size of my balls!"

On receiving word of his wife's accident, John rushed to the hospital. The attending physician assured him she would be OK but needed to spend a few days in intensive care.

"If I may make a suggestion," the medic said, "research has shown that oral sex speeds up an ICU patient's recovery. If you are willing, we'll give you some privacy."

John quickly agreed and curtains were drawn around the woman's bed. Two minutes later, buzzers and bells beckoned doctors and nurses to the area, and they worked furiously to revive her. Once she was stabilized, the doctor asked John. "What went wrong?"

"I dunno," he said with a shrug. "I think she choked."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do you have when you have 50 government workers and 50 lesbians in the same room? A hundred people who don't do dick.

At two o'clock in the morning, Jesse the farmer was kicked out of a bar, drunk as usual. Trying to find his way home through the dark streets of the town, he staggered along until he lurched into a nun. The wobbly drunkard immediately lunged at the poor woman, twisted her arm, threw her to the ground and pinned her down.

Several passersby heard the disturbance and rushed to assist the downed woman. As they pulled the thrashing farmer off her, he screamed, "I thought you'd be stronger than that, Batman!"



The specialist told Mrs. Taylor to give her husband one pill and one shot of whiskey every day to improve his sexual stamina. When she returned to the office a few weeks later, the medic asked her how everything was working out.

"Well, he's a little behind on the pills," she reported, "but he's about six months ahead with the whiskey."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

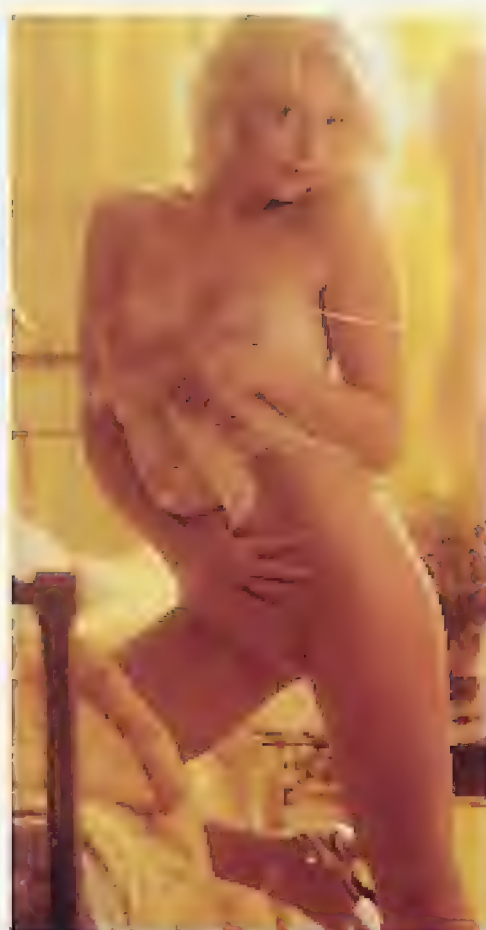


John
Dempsey

"It's OK to look. Just don't stare."

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Lillian Müller



once again, it's müller time

WE CAN'T GET enough of Lillian Müller. As a top European model turned August 1975 Playmate, Lillian so wowed our readers that she went on to become Playmate of the Year—and one of the most popular PMOYs at that. "PLAYBOY totally changed my life," she says. "I got my green card and started working in television. Through PLAYBOY, I met my husband and had a baby. And, of course, it gave me sex-symbol status." It's a status she's not in danger of losing. Not surprisingly, she

is a household name in her native Norway. "I'm the biggest Norwegian export to this country," she says. "In 1992, when the leading newspaper in Oslo learned I was on the cover of PLAYBOY a record number of times, it put me on the front page. The paper sold the second most copies in its history; the most copies sold were of the issue published after the king died." These days, she's working on a book of her life. "Without Hef, I wouldn't be who I am today," she tells us. "I'm so happy that he's settled into his new life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA





"When it comes to my career, I know exactly what I want," Lillian told us two decades ago. She meant it. Shortly after she moved to southern California, she launched an acting career and eventually landed nearly 30 roles on TV. She's also just published a book of beauty secrets and exercise programs, called *Feel Great, Be Beautiful Over 40*. As she often says—and proves in this spread—"Life is excellent."





"I see you've noticed my trophies!"



Helmut Newton is no stranger to the pages of PLAYBOY. His compelling, sexually charged photographs prove him the master of the edgier outreaches of the erotic. Case in point: his August 1977 interpretation of *Madame Claude*, the soft-

core brothel fantasy from director Just (Emmanuelle) Jaeckin. Employing two French models, a well-appointed drawing room and a gentleman who obviously knows what he likes, Newton perfectly captured the sensual energy of the film.



"Not tonight. I've got the blues."

Go To: <http://www.playboy.com>
[What's New?](#) [What's Cool?](#) [Handbook](#) [Net Search](#) [Net Directory](#) [Newsgroups](#)

WOMEN OF THE INTERNET



the best thing about cyberspace is that you can get beauty à la modem

On the Internet, no one knows you're a babe. Until now. The moment we asked the women of the Net to reveal themselves, sexy GIFs and JPEGs poured into our digital mailbox from around the world. We unzipped each file carefully and gazed in admiration at the beauty behind the bandwidth. In a fit of nostalgia, one retro editor suggested we print the best shots on something called paper. It worked. We know what you're thinking: Half the "women" you encounter on the Net turn out to be men. (Strange days, indeed.) Be assured that our modem models are as real as your nose, and wired to boot. We've met them in person, checked their IDs and, over cold pizza, charmed them into giving us their e-mail

and World Wide Web addresses. As experienced surfers know, women who venture onto the testosterone-soaked Net are by necessity a shrewd bunch. They are very well aware of the difference between FTP and FTD and prefer to be on the receiving end of both. They appreciate a good line—a phone line, that is. They love a well-connected guy who can make them LOL. And they certainly don't take any guff from newbies. If you write, be polite.

—CHIP ROWE

British model Nicki Lewis (nicki@ukglam.demon.co.uk), far left, is a regular on Usenet's alt.sex chat group, while (above) Carla Sinclair (NetChick1@aol.com), author of Net Chick, hosts a Web page at <http://www.cyborganic.com/people/carla>.





At left, Stacey Todd looks great indoors, which is how she likes it. "My idea of roughing it is not being able to get room service after midnight," says Stacey, a news junkie who never strays far from her modem. The Denver native won't, however, pass up a good barbecue. Sazzy Varga (SazzyL123@aol.com), above, prefers Thai food in bed. An assistant director and model, she moved from chilly Wisconsin to sunny Los Angeles after high school. After a friend introduced her to the fast lanes of the infobahn, college student Lisa Birkeland (nsane1@ix.netcom.com), below, switched her major from psychology to computer science. "Everybody says, 'Let's go over to the library to study,' but I much prefer to head home and do research on my computer. Sometimes I'm such a nerd," Lisa says, laughing.



If you have a bad connection, Katelynne Amber, below left, may be able to help: She is working toward an advanced degree in marriage counseling and sex therapy. You'll find her online wherever great recipes are shared. Below at right, law school grad Kimberly Ann (103345.3070@compuserve.com) got wired last year while studying for the California bar (she passed). "My mom was online and gave me an e-mail address," says Kim, who hangs out at online vineyards and has already arranged several job interviews over the Net.



Born in Japan and now living in San Francisco, the fetish diva known as Midori (Cobaltbabe@aol.com), above right, relies on the Internet to stay in touch with friends. A proud feminist and party girl, she'd be online more but "real life gets in the way." San Antonio native Natasha Terry, opposite page, produces videos that help couples improve their sex lives. A clinical sexologist, Natasha answers questions on radio programs and at her own Web site (<http://www.amore.com>). "Nothing beats good sex," she says, "not even the Internet."







Lily Burana (lilyb@echonyc.com), left, scoffs at the notion that the Net breeds loners. "If someone didn't want to interact, why would she go online?" A dancer-turned-journalist, she founded the punk sex zine *Taste of Latex*. Visit her at <http://www.well.com/user/lilyb/>. Turn up those desktop speakers: Musician Tess Hennessy (tess@indirect.com), above, creates digital dance music. Stay up all night at <http://www.indirect.com/user/tess>. The Rolling Stones have nothing on the gossip reporter known to Houston radio listeners as Lucy Lipps (lucy@thebuzz.com), below. The self-described "queen of the international party tornado of fun" hosts a site at <http://www.lucylipps.com> that includes advice for the lovelorn, romantic links, personal ads and celebrity scuttlebutt. You heard it here first.



Pam Luu (ptl101@psu.edu), left, is a recovering Netaholic. "You log on and three hours go by like that," laments Pam, who loves Walt Disney movies and Ben & Jerry's.

Georgia peach Nicole Marie (SFXLover@aol.com), opposite page, below left, is a makeup artist who loves "honest men with tight butts." (On your feet, guys.) She stumbled upon our call for Net beauties during her second day online. The instant Danni Ashe, below, laid eyes on the Web, she was hooked. "Bells went off," she says. "I needed my own site." After teaching herself HTML, she launched Danni's Hard Drive (<http://www.danni.com>), which draws 700,000 hits a day. When she tires of Web surfing, Danni plans a worldwide sailing trip.





"What extras?"

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

—MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU—

It may look like some futurist's vision of exercise in the next millennium, but the Reebok Sky Walker is actually one of the hottest new fitness machines for health clubs and the home. Requiring about as much floor space as the average treadmill, the Sky Walker simulates a natural walking motion. To get moving, you stand on the suspended platforms, grip the arm bars and start

swinging. Upper- and lower-body resistance can be adjusted independently, allowing you to tailor your workout levels. A programmable control console displays elapsed time, speed and distance, as well as calories burned and calculated pulse rate. Best of all, your feet remain stationary through the entire workout, so the Sky Walker eliminates shock to the ankles, knees and lower back.

If you want your exercise to seem more like an amusement park ride, hop aboard the Reebok Sky Walker. This total-body conditioner combines a no-impact walking motion with adjustable upper- and lower-body resistance to optimize your workout. A program console displays workout levels, calories burned and other info. The 380-pound machine even has room for a water bottle, by Sport Specific (about \$5000).

RICHARD IZUI



Ruffles and Flourishes

ANGELIE ALMENDARE is featured in Pamela Anderson's new movie *Barb Wire* (and not surprisingly on *Baywatch* and *Baywatch Nights*) and in *Space Jam* with Michael Jordan. Now Angelie's jamming with us.



THE JARVIS

We Cheer for Sheer

Actress PRISCILLA BARNES is wearing one of our favorite see-through dresses. She's come a long way from the days of *Three's Company*. She first played a lesbian in *Erotique* and more recently she was a stripper in *The Crossing Guard*. Our guard is down.

WILLIAM T. WATSON/ONYX

Shirt Alert

Actor JOHN MALKOVICH is starring in *Portrait of a Lady* with Nicole Kidman as well as in *Mulholland Falls* with Nick Nolte and Melanie Griffith. He's also appearing in a play in Chicago. No starch needed.

© JAMES W. BROWN LTD.

Roll Over Beethoven

It's the 40th anniversary of LITTLE RICHARD's *Long Tall Sally*. He's on tour in the U.S. and Europe, celebrating. Havin' some fun tonight.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



© PAUL NATHAN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Fresh Grass

The English lads in SUPERGRASS know how to harmonize. If you haven't already checked out *I Should Coco*, do it before their next CD arrives. These boys have done their Beatles homework. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

NORTHERN ARTS ENTERTAINMENT



Pole Vault

From JENNIFER MACDONALD's days as a linguist in the Army to her roles in the CD-ROM *Wing Commander III* and her recent movie, *Headless Body in Topless Bar*, she hasn't picked conventional jobs. Amen to that.

© ANDY PEARSON/USA

Kelly's Got a Leg Up

KELLY COLLINS has been spotted in a music video for *Tommy Boy*, on *Baywatch* and *Silk Stalkings* and in the movie *Miss Firecracker*. It's really no contest: Kelly is explosive.



NEXT MONTH



SUPERMODELS



BOYLE'S TERMINATION



PLAYBOY MUSIC



ELECTRA

MUSIC SPECTACULAR—PUMP UP THE VOLUME FOR OUR COAST-TO-COAST LOWDOWN ON ROCKERS, GADGETS AND TUNES. START WITH THE RESULTS OF PLAYBOY'S 1996 JAZZ & ROCK POLL AND CHECK OUT:

COLLEGE RADIO—IN THE WORLD OF UNDERGROUND FREQUENCIES, THE GUYS WHO USED TO BE CAMPUS NERDS ARE NOW MUSIC KINGPINS. ARE THEY SELLING OR SELLING OUT?—ARTICLE BY **MARK JANNOT**

ALANIS MORISSETTE—THE HOTTEST YOUNG SINGER ON THE ROCK SCENE HAS THE ENERGY OF KUWAIT AND THE GRAMMY NOMINATIONS TO PROVE IT—ARTICLE BY **CHARLES M. YOUNG**

SUPERMODELS—YOU NAME THEM, WE HAVE THEM—CINDY CRAWFORD, ELLE MACPHERSON, CLAUDIA SCHIFFER, KATE MOSS, NAOMI CAMPBELL

PLAYBOY'S BASEBALL PREVIEW—OUR SOOTHSAYER SPOTS THE HITS, CALLS THE FOUL BALLS AND PREDICTS THE SERIES WINNER FOR THE NEW SEASON. YES, BASEBALL IS COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD—BY **KEVIN COOK**

MASTER STORYTELLER **RAY BRADBURY** HAS CONQUERED THE WORLDS OF BOOKS, SHORT STORIES, MOVIES AND TV.

ONE OF THE MOST INVENTIVE MINDS IN LITERATURE TELLS THE AMAZING TALES HE CAN'T PUT IN HIS FICTION—ABOUT LIFE, POLITICS, CRIME AND SOCIETY—IN A STARTLING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **KEN KELLEY**

TERMINATION DUST—AUCTIONING OFF WOMEN IN THE ALASKAN BOONDOCKS LEADS TO A MOST UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION—FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

LOU DOBBS—CNN'S FINANCIAL HOST SINGS THE PRAISES OF REPORTING A BULL MARKET, THE PAIN OF PLAYING FOOTBALL FOR HARVARD AND HOW TO TALK TO TED TURNER IN A RIVETING 20Q—BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

ROCK STARS AND SUPERMODELS—BILLY AND CHRISTIE, TOMMY AND PAMELA, RIC AND PAULINA. FIRST IT WAS A FLUKISH MATING OR TWO, THEN IT BECAME A NATIONAL PASTIME. DON'T MISS OUR ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF STAR-CROSSED BLOODLINES BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

PLUS: THE HITMAKERS—THE DISC JOCKEYS AND A&R GUYS WHO BUST THE CHARTS, AUDIO TOYS OF THE STARS, BRINGING BACK THE TURNTABLE (WE DO), **CARMEN ELECTRA** (THE LATEST DISCOVERY OF THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCE), ROCK-AND-ROLL FASHION AND GEARING UP FOR A MAN'S SPRING